

(21)

A N
A P P E A L
O F T H E
Clergy of the Church of **ENGLAND**
T O M Y
LORDS the BISHOPS;

Humbly beseeching them.

To move Her most **SACRED MAJESTY**
to Redress their Grievances.

PART II.

With some Reflections on the Scandalous Club,
Authors of the *Observator Reviv'd*.

To which is Added,

A Defence of the First Part of the Appeal;

A S A L S O,

**A Vindication of the Collection for the Episcopal Clergy
of Scotland.**

— *A Lying Tongue is but for a Moment, Prov. 12. 19.*

*Lying Lips are abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly
are his delight, ver. 22.*

— *A Rod for the fools back, Prov. 26. 3.*

*Answer a Fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own
Conceit, ver. 5.*

By **J. SHARPE**, A. M. Curate of *Stepney*.

LONDON: Printed for *R. Wilkin*, at the *King's Head* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. 1708.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THese Papers had sooner seen the Light, had not the Author been drill'd on by the Scriblers of the Observer Reviv'd; but he was resolv'd to stay no longer, seeing that they only nibbl'd at the Appeal; and it was in vain for him to look for a Correct Answer; and he believes they will put it off *ad Gracas Calendas*.

To Mrs. B—m.

Madam,

THere's none that can put in a better Claim to these Papers, than your self, for you know the Original occasion of them ; they therefore beg your Patronage ; and it is not at all to be doubted, but that they will be safe under the Protection of so Virtuous a Lady, and so Sound a Member of our Orthodox Church : That you are so, is self-evident, and as plain, as if Wrote with a Sun-Beam ; Your constant Attendance on God's Worship in his own House, and at his own Altar demonstrates it : God continue you in your truly Christian Course ; your prudent carriage in the midst of a perverse People, makes it plain, that one may live in a Pest-House without Contagion ; and you are so firmly fixt in the Doctrine of the Church of *England*, that I dare say, you are able to encounter any *Leyden* Divine of them all : Go on, Madam, maugre all Opposition, and all your Adversaries will never be able to make a New Convert of you ; but with God's Assistance, you will continue

The Dedication.

tinue all the Days of your Life, an Illustrious Ornament to our Church, of which, God is the Great Protector, and he is Faithful, and will not suffer you to be Tempted above what you are able but will with the Temptation also make a way to escape, that you may be able to bear it ; to whose Protection I shall commend you, and am, Madam,

*Stepney, Dec. 15.
1707.*

In all Christian Offices,

Your Humble Servant,

J. Sharpe

TO THE Candid READER.

BEhold, how joyful a thing it is for Brethren to live together in Unity, was the saying of the Royal Prophet, and I am sure, it is the indispensable Duty of all Men to promote Unity amongst Brethren. The great Apostle of the Gentiles advises us, as much as in us lyes, to live peaceably with all Men. I shall offer my self fairly to the World, and freely give leave for any unprejudiced Person, to judge betwixt Mr. Amos Sheppard, and my self, which of us Two has been the Aggressor: the Saddle ought to be put on the right Horse; and if I am, right or wrong, to be censur'd, I must bear my Burden with Patience: 'Tis but the same Lot that fell to the Christians in all Ages of the Church; and I cannot expect better usage, than those Glorious Luminaries that are now with God; but however, let me beg the favour of being first heard, before Sentence of Condemnation pass on me. The greatest Criminal, where Life its self is at Stake, obtains it; and I know no reason, why it should be deny'd to me. The occasion of a Misunderstanding betwixt Mr. Amos Sheppard, and the Curate of Stepney, was this; viz. The Scots Episcopal Clergy, before and since the Union, had lain, and do still lye under unsupportable Grievances; and they were reduc'd to such great necessities, that several Hundred Clergy Men, with their Wives and Children, were almost brought to the last extremity. Under these unhappy Circumstances they lay groaning many Years, and do to this very day: Poverty at last, that comes like an Armed Man, says the Wise Solomon, was become their Lot and Portion. The Honest part of the Nation, was not able (by reason of the scarcity of Money) to support them; and they could not expect any Charity from the Kirk; for I believe, they are the most Obdurate, Stiff-neck'd, and Cruel People, on the face of the Earth; I must only except some rigid Dissenters of our own Nation. God defend me from their Clutches, for the Mercies of those Men are Cruel.

Our Blessed Lord's Command, is to love our Enemies, and how they fulfil it is sadly seen. If Charity, and relieving the Poor, is a Duty, as I am sure it is; let the World Judge, whether or no the Kirk, and some of our Dissenters, do practice this Duty towards their distress'd, and almost

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most starv'd Brethren. I thought our Religion obliged us to consider the Case of the Poor and Needy, let his Opinion be what it will; but the Kirk, and some English Dissenters, think otherwise. The good Samaritan in the Gospel, acted a part of a Christian, and not of a rigid Dissenter; and his Mercy and Charity will rise up in Judgment against them. In this sad, (and almost unheard of) Case, the Poor Episcopal Clergy of Scotland, applyed themselves to the most Reverend Bishops of that Kingdom; they presently laid their Case to heart, and composed a most Pathetick, Nervous, and Compassionate Epistle, and directed it to the Most Reverend, and Right Reverend Fathers in God, the Arch-Bishops, and Bishops of this Kingdom; which is so excellent in its kind, that I shall presume to Transcribe it; and I think for its superlative Stile, and admirable Reasoning, it ought to be Inscrib'd in Letters of Gold, and laid up in the Archives of Time, as a Testimony against Covenanters. It runs thus;

A Letter from the Bishops of Scotland, to the Bishops of England.

May it please your Grace, and your Lordships,

Since the lamentable Suppression of the Apostolical Order of Bishops in this Kingdom, some Hundreds of the Inferiour Clergy have been turned out of their Cures, and Benefices, and thereby reduc'd, with their poor Children and Families, to such deplorable Misery, as it does extort Compassion from their bitterest Enemies; and as hitherto they have been almost altogether supported by the Pious Bounty of good People amongst our selves, so now the scarcity of Money here, and the Poverty of this Nation is such, that it is not able to afford them what may be necessary to preserve them from the last Extremities; and unless they be assisted from abroad, we don't see by what other Human Means they can be preserv'd from Starving.

Wherefore, as it is our indispensable Duty, and that with the greatest Fervour, to recommend to your Graces, and your Lordship's Care, so hereby we most earnestly beseech you, in the Bowels of our Common and most Adorable Saviour, to commiserate their sad and desolate Condition, and to contribute to their Relief, not only by your own Christian and Fraternal Charity, but also, by exciting the Clergy in your Respective Provinces and Diocesses, to do the like, as God shall enable them, and open their Hearts and Hands, in so Pious and Necessary a Work.

Your Lordships well know, that in the Apostolical Age, not only did the Flaming Love to God possess the Souls of the Primitive Christians,

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stians, but that a Sympathizing warm'd them to all their fellow Christians, which vigorously exerted it self in liberal Contributions, for the Relief even of Lay-Professors in their Sister Churches, who were in want; and it may be easily conjectur'd, how much more Warm and Enlarg'd it would have prov'd, towards an entire Body of Persons Consecrated to Christ at his Altars, reduc'd to such inexpressible straits as ours are. Wherefore, as Almighty God, who in the Depths of his Wisdom and Justice has so sadly visited us, has been pleased to preserve your Church in a Prosperous and Plentiful state; so we doubt not, but your Lordships will be ready on this extraordinary and crying Occasion, to follow so Glorious and Charitable an Example, and will not fail to maintain the Character of your Church, so famous over the World, (besides many other excellent things) for its liberal and extended Charity. What shall be Collected, may be trusted to such as your Lordships think fittest to transmit it to us, who will be careful to apply it to the Relief of our Presbyters, and their desolate Widows, according to their several sad Circumstances, and to send back an account of the Distributions thereof, according to the Ends and Purposes of the Pious Donors.

There are no more of these few now surviving of our Order here in this City of *Edinburgh*, save we, who by reason of that Circumstance, are not only best acquainted with our Clergies Condition, but have also the Burden, of this Concern of theirs, immediately devolv'd upon us; wherefore we hope, seeing our Colleagues live at a great distance, and their Subscriptions cannot be conveniently got, your Lordships will take no Exceptions, that this most serious and passionate Application, comes only from us, who are,

May it please your Grace, and your Lordships,

One directed to His Grace of *Canterbury*, and the Bishops of his Province, with another of the same Tenor to His Grace of *York*, and Bishops of His Province, and both to the Care of the Reverend D.: *Scot*.

Your most Affectionate Brethren,

And most Humble Servants,

Jo. Glasco,

Alex. Edenburgen.

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To the Reader.

Credentials to the Reverend Dr. Scot.

THE Infinitely Wise God, having in his unsearchable Providence, permitted some Hundreds of our Episcopal Clergy in *Scotland*, to be violently rabbl'd out of their Cures and Benefices, by Armed Companies of Furious Men, acting without Commission, contrary to the known right of the Leiges, and Establish'd Laws of the Nation, by which they and their Families are reduc'd to extream Wants and Necessities, and have continued under this grievous Affliction, now, for many Years, which the present Impoverish'd Condition of our Country, is not able any longer to relieve in any tolerable Condition. Therefore, to prevent the utter starving of so many good Ministers, with their Children and Families, which cannot now be otherwise relieved, than by the Pious Charity of good Christians from abroad, whose Hearts God shall open and incline to so good a Work, which will be graciously accepted and rewarded by God. These are humbly, and earnestly, to recommend their sad and deplorable Condition, to the Compassion, and Charity, of all good Christians, very fervently beseeching them in the Bowels of Jesus Christ, to extend their Pious Charity, on this Bleeding and Crying Occasion. And because our Reverend Brother Dr. *Robert Scot*, Dean of *Glasgow*, and Parson of *Hamilton*, hath consented to Collect what the Bounty of the well-disposed and Charitably-affected shall allow, for the Relief and Subsistence of the said suffering indigent Clergy; We, whose Names are Subscribed, do recommend him, as a Person of such Piety and Integrity, as none may in the least scruple to trust him with their Bounty and Beneficence, as he shall have occasion to apply himself for the same; he being to send his Collections to us, and to the other Administrators of the Charities, which Devout Christians Contribute for the Relief of our said Suffering Clergy. In Testimony whereof, (Written by the hand of the Arch-Bishop of *Glasgow*) these Presents are Subscribed by us, to which we affix our little Manual Seals.

*To. Glasgow,
Geo. Aberdeen.
William Morainen.*

After which, the Two Metropolitans, and Bishops, made their Application to Her most Sacred Majesty Queen Anne, (whom God long preserve). The Queen, who is a Nursing Mother to the Afflicted, immediately takes the Case of the Poor Episcopal Clergy of Scotland, into mature Consideration, and most readily gave leave to my Lords the Bishops, to write their Circular

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lar Letters to the Clergy, that they should Exhort, and Collect the Charity of well-disposed Christians. The Honourable and Right Reverend my Lord of London, is in these words ; viz.

Mr. Arch-Deacon,

THE Queen having given us leave to make a Collection for our Poor Episcopal Brethren in Scotland, who are reduc'd to great and extream Necessities, I desire you earnestly to recommend it to the Clergy within your Arch-Deaconry, that they would manage it with that Zeal and Discretion, as not publickly to intimate it in their Churches, but propose, and gather it in a private way ; and take care that what is so gathered, may be carefully returned to you between this and *Michaelmas*, or *Candlemas* ; I am,

Your assured Friend and Brother,

H. London.

After which, I did not dispute his Lordship's Commands ; and to shew my Charity, did willingly, readily, and zealously, set about so good a Work ; and I am sure, those that negligently, coldly, and slovenly perform it, will have no great reason to boast ; God grant, they do not lose their Reward. My method was to lodge Papers in those Houses, where I had any Prospect of Charity ; and accordingly, at Mr. Sheppard's House on Mile-end-Green, I gave one of the Cases to an admirable Lady, a strict Communicant of our Church ; for I had no thoughts of getting any Charity of the rest of the Family, whom I knew to be rigid Dissenters, and great Admirers of the Kirk, though Independents ; but the Two sticks are made One : The time was, and may be again, that they were at Daggers drawing. Good Reader, peruse the Dissenters Sayings, by the great Sir Roger L'estrang, of whom Mr. Commissioner, in Obi. Re. 17. gives so great a Character ; and you'll find that I am in the right. The next day I called upon the Lady ; and now follows my Treatment, somewhat short of Glencowling. She came immediately to me, and once more I told her the reason of my troubling her ; she pretended Scruples, which I found to be meer Prejudices, raised without any grounds, by the Faction. The Case was brought down, and the Marginal Note of the Act of the 12th of June, 1693, was objected against by Mr. Amos Sheppard, which runs thus, viz. None of the Forms be retained in the Publick Worship of God, that are not used by the Presbyterians ; viz. The Lord's Prayer, Doxology, the Apostles Creed ; and that the Holy Scriptures must not be Read in Publick Assemblies, as heretofore. When he had pointed out these words, I desired his Thoughts upon it : Poor Amos, (really, I pityed the Mortal) like an Ovum tremulum, was all unjointed, and I was almost of Opinion, that the Automaton had been metamorphiz'd into a Quaker, or at least, that the Spirit of the Barbican

B

Prophets

To the Reader.

Prophets had possess'd him Ovid's Description of Envy, was the very Picture of him; and Reader, it is so rare a one, that I must present it to you; one would think, that the Poet spoke by a Prolepsis, and had then in his Thought our Poets Prophet, or what shall I call him.

Or. Met.
Lib. 2.

Pallor in ore sedit, macies in Corpore toto
Nusquam recta acies, livent rubigine dentes.
Pectora felle Virent; lingua est suffusa Veneno.

* I am resolved not to be of that Religion, that has no Creed.

At last, with much ado, the Oracle deliver'd himself thus; and to the best of my Memory, I shall repeat the Conference. It is full of Lyes says Amos, with a trembling and broken voice: Which, and what part, replied I? Is the Apostles * Creed? Is the Doxology? Why tell you me of them, quoth Amos, they are meer human Inventions? Sir, says I, they have Antiquity on their side. But then Sir, what say you to the Reading of the Lord's Prayer. Is that constantly used in the Presbyterian Assemblies; No, replied Amos, it is not. Is it ever, says I, Yes, quoth Amos; why not always, replied I, is it too good for them? If once used, why not always? The Gentleman, (for once I call him so, but by the Observators, (if he is the Author of them) you would take him for a Ratcliff Porter, or a St. Catherine Hoy-man) was at the utmost pitch of Rage; his Eyes sparkled Death and the Cobler, his Mouth, like Mount Aetna, vomited out Fire and Smoak; in the midst of his Raptures, he called me Cheat, and many Saint-like Expressions, which I have forgot; and at last he said I ought to be punish'd; and so the Conference betwixt us ended. It is true, I was invited into the Parlour, by the Lady, (who, I dare say, meant me no harm) but my Courage, (to tell you the truth on't) failed me that bout; I was afraid my Leyden Lawyer with his Calves-head Crew, would have De-witted, or at least Becketed me; I was glad to get off with a whole Skin; I made a running Fight on't; and he, like another railing Rabshekah, pursued me to the Gate, and I gave him this Salutation at parting: Sir, says I, (for you must know, I Sir'd him at every Period) your Party and your Faction, have ruin'd the Poor Episcopal Church of Scotland, and so you will ours if you can, which God, I hope, and Pray, will prevent. Ever since, in all places, both Publick and Private, he vilely bespatters me; to which I shall only say, as

† The Picture of St. Michael did to the Devil: † The Lord rebuke him.
Presbyterians.
See Jude 9,
10.

If the whole Body of English Dissenters, be of the same invenom'd Leaven, and of the same Monstrous Charity with our Leyden Spark, Amos Sheppard, J. Pierce, alias Silkman, alias the Devil's-Broker, alias Observer, alias Commissioner, L—s Jackal, that runs whisking about for Materials to fill up a Dull Malicious Observer, sit anima mea cum Philosophis: The Jews, Turks, Mahumetans, and Infidels, will rise up in Judgment against them: but God forbid, that I should pass so severe a Censure upon the whole Body; for many of all sorts, (except the Independents)

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dents) generously contributed to the Scots Episcopal Clergy. I have reason to think, that the doughty Undertaking, the *Observer* reviv'd, was purely set up by Don Quixot, and Sancho Pancho, to obstruct the Charity; for the Saturday after the aforesaid Conference, the first was usher'd into the World, and twice a Week for some time since, with the utmost fury of a Bethlemite against it. An Anabaptist Preacher, who is much a Gentle-Mr. H—'s. man for his Civility and good Breeding, (which good Qualifications, I do not find among many of other Dissenters) upon sight of the first, justly abhor'd such a Bare-fac'd Villany, and accus'd it, as the apex of Uncharitableness. He generously contributed, and with the utmost Compassion express'd his sorrow for their miserable Case. Would to God all Dissenters were of the same Charitable Disposition. Another Method, taken to blast the Collection in our parts, was this; viz. It was given out, that I and my Brother Curate, were to be called to account before the Great ones, for our illegal Proceedings: This Nobs, hinted at the Conference; and it is true, this Report, and Dissenting Slander, cool'd the Zeal of one, but excited the others: These rascally stories, were only a spur to me, and which made me resolved to go forward with the utmost Vigour, manure all fanatical Opposition whatsoever; I was resolv'd to redeem the time, because the days were Evil. Another Scandal out of the same Lying Mint, where Nobs and his Country-Man are daily at work, is this, that the Collection was not design'd for the Poor Scots Episcopal Clergy, but for the support of the Young Gentleman, the other side of the Water: Thus speaks Mr. Secretary, that the effect of this Collection, will not be so much the relief of the Persecuted Clergy-Men, as the maintaining a Jacobite Faction and Interest, to prevent the expected Blessings of the lately concluded Union, and to support a Party who don't own Her Majesties Government, but do all they can, to promote the Interest of a St. German Pretender. To this I shall only reply in the words of David, when Doeg, one of their Faction, had told Saul, that David was come to Abimelech, *Psal. 52. 2, 3, 4.* Thy Tongue deviseth Mischief; working deceitfully: Thou lovest Evil words more than good: and lying, rather than to speak Righteousness: Thou lovest all devouring words, O thou deceitful Tongue. I'll appeal to the Consciences of these Scandal-Mongers, who Lye as naturally as they Eat or Drink: I'll appeal to any Unbias'd and Unprejudic'd Person: I'll appeal to Turk, Jew, and Infidel; and in the Name of God let him pass his Censure. This is a Lye of the first Magnitude, and there's no doubt, but that the Devil Inspir'd the Authors, Nobs, Amos, and Pierce; and he that set them on Work, in due time, I don't question, will pay them their Wages. Is it to be thought, that His Grace of Canterbury (who is so Zealous against the Jacobites) and York, and all the Episcopal Colledge, would be concern'd in such a Design? Is it to be thought, that Her Majesty Queen Anne could be ever persuaded to it? Is it to be thought, that the Queen would Con our Authors Thanks for such an Office;
Obfer. Re.
N. 1.

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but she was imposed upon says the Jackal of L — 's ; by whom Sir Wise-Acre ? Name your Persons, or you ought to be Posted for a Slanderer. This little inconsiderable would feign be enroll'd amongst the Informers, and really I believe, he has some Pretensions to it ; as Lying, and Carnal Interest, &c. I shall never envy him that Post of Honour, if he obtains it, but from my heart do wish that he, and they, and Mr. Wolfe, may have their Deserts.

This Sprig of Faction, or Leyden Gentleman, Mr. Wolfe, had not Cargo enough of Wit, Malice, Spleen, and Uncharitableness, to carry on his design, but was forc'd to take in a Partner, * J. Peirce, and the Lord knows how many besides, to assist him in his Billingsgate non-sensical Undertaking : I am told, that these doughty Squires of Dissention, go shavers in the silly Project of an Observator ; and I believe, their Gains may be put in their Eyes without Injury to their sight. And to shew his Charity, † One of those Scandal-Mongers, Nobs, you know him, obliges the cunning Coffee-Woman of Ratcliff, to take in the profound Issue of the Undertakers Brains, to the detriment of the Relief of the famous John Tutchin. Monstrously Base and Villanous, not to stand by the remains of their own Coriphæus ; she may sink for all the Prophet. 'Tis natural for Whigs and Dissenters, to hate the Members of our Church : But to forsake a Poor Widow of their own Faction, is monstrous Cruelty. Oh Amos ! where's thy Charity ? To gratifie thy unsatiable and revengeful Heart, you'll help to starve the Widow : This is — what shall I call it, and outfar exceeds thy Cruelty, to the Episcopal Clergy of Scotland.

Advice to the
Observers.

Since foul-mouth Jack is gone, his poor remains
Ought to partake of all Dissenters Gains ;
Unite your Force, then Gain may be her hopes,
Villains, and Rogues, we know, do Rob in Troops.

Now Amos, as you love me, I beseech you not to be angry, that I have compar'd the Whig-Observators, to Thieves and High-way Men ; I seriously think, I have not injur'd them in the Comparison, but from my Heart believe, that they far exceed them ; for the Gentlemen of the Road, do only ease the Traveller of a little Money, but the Whiggish Pen destroys Reputation, and instigates the Mob to destroy the Bodies of all their Adversaries. Old Satan, was the first Dissenter in the World, and is stil'd the Accuser of the Brethren ; you tread in his Steps, and follow his Practice, and without Repentance, may partake of his Reward ; but I pray God, in Infinite Mercy to your poor Soul, to open your Eyes, and to turn you from Darkness to Light, and from the Power of Satan unto God ; for at present, as St. Paul said to Elymas the Sorcerer, one of your Friends, you are in the Gall of Bitterness, and in the Bond of Iniquity : Madness and Phrenzy.

To the Reader

Phrenzy has Bewitched you ; and what Ovid says of Medea, (I am so much a Prophet, as to say) is too true of you.

—Video meliora, proboque;
Deteriora sequor—.

*Better I see, and I approve ;
Those things I ought to Hate, I Love.*

And now Reader, the Case of the Observer is thus : The Limus Jackal, Progs for Materials; he spends more Hours at the Ratcliff Coffee-House, than he does in his Shop. Our Scottish Plenipotentiary, licks the Cub into Form, and our Friend Amos, finds Law, (for Tutchin you know, had his Pettifogger) Paper, Print, and Publishing, and sometimes puts in his Jest. In the Preface to the Appeal, the Author was a saying, that the Scriblers of the Faction, were Mercenary, and Wrote for Bread ; John Peirce, and Daniel Foe, cum multis aliis, are fresh Instances of the truth of it : Miscreants, that could not Live honestly at their Vocations ; that were (before the Scribling Trade, and I believe are so still) as Poor, as a Scots Highlander, or a Mercenary Swiss, that take up the Pen for Bread and Brandy. They'll write for any Cause, if you will maintain them as Pensioners ; and this I prove by an eminent Instance or two : Wi. Williams, all England knows, was Speaker to the House of Commons in the last part of King Charles the Second's Reign ; he was a Notorious Whig, and maintain'd that foolish Cause to the best of his Power ; yet in the succeeding Reign, he turn'd Tail, and was Solicitor General to the unfortunate King : Again, Harry Carr, that Infamous Author of the Packet from Rome, left his Beloved, and followed the Popish Party ; nay, Old Hick of Colchester, has been out and in with the Fanatick Faction ; witness his Curse, yea, Meroz, &c. But Friend Amos, I find you begin to squeek, and would not be thought to have your Paw in the Plot, against the Poor Curate of Stepney, for all the Shoes in your Shop ; why truly, it concerns your Reputation to be stigmatiz'd of being the Author of such a Silly, Vile, and Lying Paper ; and besides, it would be a Reflection upon your Leyden Education. I am told, you say, you know the Author ; I believe it true, and remember the Adage, Birds of a Feather, will flock together : And moreover, you added, that the Doughty Plenipotentiary had not yet done mawling the Author of the Appeal, who begs of you, to desire that Champion to finish what he designs, with all speed, and it shall be duly considered ; but I believe, he wants Courage ; (prithee Amos, give him a Dram) for I find, that the Preface sticks in his Stomach ; that Author, (as 'tis in the Preface) expected Dirt in abundance, and I find, he was not out in his Calculation ; but as Foe, who is a sharp Wag, once said of that Miscreant J. Tutchin, so I say of our Scottish Plenipotentiary, Dirt throws Dirt.

To the Reader.

But Reader, the greatest Jest of all is still behind; the Scandalous Club are at last asham'd of their Undertaking, and have thrown it upon a Woman (that has more Brains and Religion, than the whole Club) of the Communion of the Church of England; Amos knows whom I mean without naming; 'tis Coffee-House News, and I am apt to think, invented by the Jackal; Credat Appella Judeus non ego.

In *Observator Reviv'd*, No. 17. The Scandalous Club, seems to intimate in their Paradoxical Rhodomantado, that the Author of the Appeal is a High-Flyer; 'tis truth, Amos and I am not ashamed of it, and you have free leave to make the best on't. I find you are a notable guesser, and in a little time, you may set up for one of the lesser Prophets; and I find by your warm Head, that you'll be a Convert to those of Barbican. And now I'll tell you a Story to corroborate your Belief: Not long ago, I took Wing, (for you know High-Flyers have great ones) and flew some way; at last, I back'd the Dragon on Bow Steeple, and to tell you the truth, I do not remember, whether the Wind was South West, or North East. But one thing I shall ne're forget, viz. That it blew full right in the teeth of the Dissenters, who, I perceiv'd, by the help of my Glass, were like Flocks of Goats, making towards Guild-Hall; there was heave, and go, thrust, and squeeze, for their Beloved Idol; Parties I perceiv'd, were dispatch'd to all Quarters of the Town, (it was pity, methoughts, the unkillling Regiment were not in Being, for 'twas a formidable one) nay, Newgate, Ludgate, and Bridewel, not forgetting Bethlem, were rummag'd for Electors; The Poll, I heard, was continu'd for some days, and all for the good of Old Puffs, (who lately has lost her Claws); but the Whigs lost their Point, and their Buck. was turn'd a grazing, being not thought worthy to sit in the Senate-House: On a sudden there was such a shout, that Occasion'd (Amos, you love the word Occasional) such a Concussion in the Air, that I was turn'd round on the Dragon; I dare say, it was heard at St. J——'s. But to return to my Story; I observ'd the Dissenters were so dejected, as if they had lost their Ears, as some deserved. The Tea and Nay Men, had not Spirit left in them, and all the other Party-colour'd Animals, were Cresfs fallen; some said, (for you must know, I could hear distinctly) they were all sick of the Pipp. When I had glutted my fancy, I took flight, and en passant, I perceiv'd the Whigs of M——d were all at their Wits end; so I left them to bemoan their Ragged Fortune, and safely return'd home.

In the same *Observator*; Mr. Wolfe, who is Secretary to the Calves-Head Club, and his Abettors, the Plcniptentiary, and others of the Party, have been so obliging, (and I thank them for their kind Love) as to stand my Godfathers; and moreover, (see Reader, what 'tis to be Civil) have provided for me a very gainful Employment, and I am certain, you long to know what it is; why, it is to be Sow-gelder to the Faction; upon this Proviso, that you, Amos, and your Club, will enter into Covenant, (I don't

To the Reader.

don't mean that of Scotland) to allow me so much a Head, for cutting the Tail of every Non-Con that goes astray; I will undertake that Province, and (let me tell you) 'tis a hard one too. Then stand clear Newington Bulls, and Farindon's Cat, and the Independent Preacher, that was expel'd a certain Colledge: Business (Mr. Secretary) will so crowd in, that 'twill be too much for one; and Amos, thou shalt be my Mate and Assistant; I warrant thee Boy, we shall make a Penny on't, and soon set up for Toppers; a far more gainful Employment, then Pettifogging, or Scribbling dull and insipid Observators, that are scarce fit for Pastry-Cooks, and Box-makers.

In *Observator* 18. are these words; When I meet with a Man that has so many Names, I conclude, he is either a Plotter, or a Pick-pocket; if your Argument, Mr. Secretary, proves any thing, it proves too much; as for Example; If Mr. S—p, Mr. Wolfe, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Leyden, Mr. Punch-Bowl, Mr. Pettifogger, concenter all in one Man, then I know, that poor Amos is a Plotter or a Pick-pocket. What does Mr. Wolfe think of William Henry Nassau, Prince of Orange? I dare not say, that he was a Plotter, or Pick-pocket; what say you to it Mr. Secretary? Once more, what think you of that Patron of Whiggism, Shaftbury, Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftbury, Potabski, King of Poland? Dear Amos, will you say, that he was a Plotter or a Pick-Pocket? You see what a Fool of a Country-Man you have, and what Conclusions he draws from his silly Masters Premises. But enough of this.

In the same *Observator* are these words.—The Church and Ale-House, stand within half a Stones throw of one another, and both in the Church Yard. I see, Amos, thy Country-Man is a thorow pac'd Whig, for he's profoundly guilty of Lying; for I say, there is ne're an Ale-House in that Church-Yard: but the hint is at the Story of the Hot-pot, supposed to be drank in a certain modest House (far more Modest than some Conventicles). But that Story has been already Answer'd, and Tutchin, that Whiggish Champion, had not the face to reply; * Oh Independent Impudence! to Revive what has already been Answered: But to silence that Story for ever, I'll freely offer 20 Guineas, (for I know you are a Poor Rogue, and Broken Silk Man, and thirst after Money, as much as you do after the Blood of Kings, and Queens too with white Necks, as much as you Lust after Church, and Colledge Lands) I say, I'll freely offer 20 Guineas to you, Nobs, (Mr. Commissioner, I should have said,) or to any other Person, that can prove that I ever tasted of, nay, more than that, that ever I saw a Hot-pot in the whole course of my Life; besides, I'll be at the charge of a good Treat for you Mr. Commissioner, and your Associates, not forgetting the Jackal of L—'s, and that Pragmatical Mathematician, your Neighbour, that was like to be thrown down the stairs, for his fiery Zeal at the Cock and Lyon; and you have free leave to invite some of your Neighbours; and now I'll tell you Mr. Secretary, what

* See the story of the Hot Pot, confuted in the Appendix to the Appeal.

Obfer. 21.

To the Reader.

what it shall be. The first Dish shall be a rich Soup of Cox-combs, &c. and a quaking Pudding for Amos; the Second Course shall be several Dishes of Calves-Heads Boil'd with Bacon, with Streamers on each head, with this Motto, Hey for Old Puffs. But Gentlemen, you will say, what signifies Head and Bacon without Brains: That's true indeed; but they were the Heads of Essex Calves; and you, Gentlemen, that are best Judges, know, they have no Brains; but to supply that Defect, which I confess was great, and to oblige the Gentlemen, whom I know wants them; I have by my own Industry and Friends, Ransack'd the whole World almost, and the Air, Water, and Earth, has not escap'd my View; and all to oblige you: 'Tis a Noble Compositum, made up of many particulars; and a Spanish Oglio, or a French Soup is an Ass to it. 'Tis thus: The Brains of a Crocodile, to shew your Religious Hypocrisy; of an Ass, to shew the Whigs Folly of thinking to reinstate Old Puffs; of a Booby, your Ignorance; of a Vulture, your Voracity; of Bull-Finches, Tits, and Popinjays, to shew your Malice and Spleen; the Brains of a Squirrel, to shew your Agility in all business of Importance; of a Jackal, your Diligence; of a Wren, your Strength; the Brains of a Viper, to shew your Unnaturalness to your Native Country and Church; of a Baboon, to shew your Tricking; of a Sword Fish, to shew your Plotting; of a Rattle Snake, to shew your Venom; the Brains of a Bear, to shew your Ferocity; and Lastly, the Brains of a Tyger, to shew your Natural Bent and Inclination to all manner of Mischief. And now Gentlemen, the World will never accuse you of want of Brains. The Third Course shall be several Dishes of Wood-Cocks and Owles, Roasted with a Fat Goose for the Commissioner: And I am sure, I shall please you with Liquor; I shall present you with one Bottle as big as M. M—d's, which he Bought of Alderman Lewin, full of the Tears of the Widows and Orphans of the Orthodox Clergy, that Suffer'd for the Royal Cause, in that Grand Rebellion of 41. I do not doubt, but that you will Carouse it stoutly, (as you do on Sundays, at the Globe of Mile-End) and remember all the Old Heroes of the Cause, not forgetting those of the Rye-House Conspiracy: And I'll pitch on any Day, except Ashwednesday, Good-Friday, or the 30th of January; for on that Day, you'll be engaged with the Calves-Head Worthies, Worthy indeed to be suspended on the Triple Tree near Paddington.

In *Observator*, N. 15. towards the end, are inserted in Writing, these words; after that, comes the great Thump, I promis'd the Appealer. Now good Reader, ask our Friend Amos, whose hand it is, or whether he does not know it: A Man sure of Leyden Education, will scorn to deny it. Ask him also, when that great Thump is to come; for already it has not: tell him, the Appealer waits with Impatience for it, and he does not doubt, but to return that Thump upon the Scandalous Club.

In *Observator*, No. 22. Mr. Commissioner has these words: Dr. Blunt is Writing a Book against you, in defence of Bog and himself, together

To the Reader.

ther with the rest of the Orthodox Clergy ; surely, he won't Appeal to the Bishops——The Appealer knows from whence that comes ; and W——s the Mathematician, was the Jackal ; desire him to have a care of the Cock and Lyon ; and I desire him to take care how he enters that House, for fear, lest S——n should maul him : But enough of that Impertinence, who reads the Review with as much Seriousness, as he does a Fanatick Preachment. Then follows, Then tell him says Nobs the Plenipotentiary, from me, if he has a mind to quarrel upon the account of any Story of his Brethren, that I have told, let him name it, and I'll prove it ; if he Appeals to the Bishops in the behalf of Bog, then I'll Appeal too ; but if he is angry at any thing I have said of himself, let him Appeal to the Bishops, and I'll Appeal to his Parish. Here, Reader, is a Challenge from a Broken Silkman, who once, or more, hid his Head from his Creditors ; but let him know, that I'll accept of it, and do desire Satan, that Accuser of the Brethren, and all his Works : Sir, be assur'd, that I'll once more Appeal to the Reverend Bishops, and do not doubt, but that I shall set out our Commissioner in his own Colours : That Great Man, he foolishly stiles Bog, is ten thousand times more than his Match, and has no need of a Second, as he stiles me, who glories in that Character ; and I need not be ashamed to repeat, that he has more Sense, true Learning, and good Manners, than the whole Pack of Dissenters ; and now Mr. Secretary of the Calves Club, make the best on't. Then to his threats of Appealing to the Parish ; 'tis nothing else, but a Whiggish Cracker ; all Bounce, Vox & præterea nihil. Appeal as soon as you please ; rake in the Dunghil of Scandal, nay Hell its self ; I fear you not ; none but a Puny will. Be assured Reader, that Mr. Commissioner is a mere Tool, an Owl of Athens, more Feathers, than Brains. But Mr. Nobs goes on, and says, that I have Appealed to the Coffee Woman already, and desired her not to take in the Paper. I am so far from that, that I desired the very Woman to continue it, and to her I'll Appeal too for the Veracity of what I say : This is a rank Fanatick Whisker, and so let it pass. Does this little Ignoramus think, that I am afraid of his mean performances ? No, Reader, but I wish his Bum-fodder was in every Coffee-House, in and about Town, and it would soon be seen, what a Coxcomb he makes of himself. But then he goes on ; But I'll be even with him (says Nobs) for I'll send one of them every time I write to a Friend, that shall read it in the Coffee-House, whether the Doctor says probatum est, or no. But Mr. Commissioner, are you so flush in Pocket ? 'Twas otherwise once : Well, I see the Union has set you up again. Your Friend is the little Whisk of L——s, and to please your Honour, I'll give you my Probatum to it. And what can you have more ? You see, I am mighty obliging ; but be assured, 'tis not to make you a Convert to our Church, who is not desirous of Broken Silkmen and Hofiers, to be its Members. And now Reader, Stand, and Bless your self

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To the Reader.

self at these Champions of Uncharitableness; for in *Obf. Re. 23.* they still go on in their Hellish Censures: I am (says Mr. Commissioner) still of Opinion, that Collecting Money for them, that is, the Episcopal Clergy, is a down right Cheat; — and a little before, he glories, in thinking that he has Prejudic'd the Collections, and which I endeavour'd to do. Here's the very word that Amos bemaul'd me with; and here the Bishops of Scotland are accus'd of Lying; our Bishops of Ignorance, and the Poor Queen strangely impos'd upon. It was the Opinion of a Great Man, that there were more Persons in Hell for the Sin of Slander and Detraction, than for any other Sin; which I shall leave to our Authors to chew the Cud on; and God give them Grace to Repent.

And now, consider what a sad Case they are in, since their vile Paper is dropt. At the Rain-Bow Coffee-House in Petticoat-Lane, they look'd like so many Sheep-biters; nay, Squinny himself, was in a pickl'd Condition; if you had seen them, you wou'd have thought they had been Thunder struck: And to tell you the truth, they are afraid of the Thump that is coming upon them from the Appealer, and so they wisely quitted the Field, thinking, that the Appealer would overlook them, as they indeed do deserve to be: But Reader, Reputation must be clear'd, which solely was the Cause of appearing in Print.

These Men of Moderation, pretend to be very Zealous Royalists, of which I'll give you one Instance which fully proves it: It happen'd, that not long since, a Brief was read in a Conventicle, according to Act of Parliament, but the Teacher willfully omitted as he us'd to do, to say, God Save the Queen. This Occasion'd much Mirth at the aforesaid Coffee-House; the Teacher was commended, and the whole Congregation mightily pleas'd; only One Boy cryed out, Sir, you forgot to say, God Save the Queen. Her Sacred Majesty by this one Instance, may see, what Subjects she has to trust to, if ever She comes into their Hands, which God prevent. And now I shall dismiss you Reader, (for I dare say you are tir'd) and Commend you to God's Protection.

The Appeal of the Orthodox Clergy, to the Lords the Bishops, of the Church of England.

My LORDS,

IT is not unknown to your Lordship's, how the Christian Church in all Ages, ever since the Crucifixion of its Lord and Master, the Blessed Jesus, has suffered Persecution from all sorts of Adversaries: It was the Lot of the Church, to be always like its Patron, Crucified betwixt Two Thieves: Those Thieves in the Ancient Church, were the Blind, Zealous *Jews*, and Inveterate Heathen; but in process of time, its adversaries were chang'd; and then, as now it was the Bigotted Furious Papist on the one hand, and no less Violent Dissenter on the other.

The Wise God has Ends and Purposes to serve by these Troubles, Persecutions, and Afflictions, that happen to the true Servants of the Blessed Jesus; His Holy and ever Blessed Will is to be perform'd by us; and he has told us, that if we endure to the End, we shall be Saved; that he will not suffer us to be Tempted above our Abilities; and he stiles them Blessed, that Suffer Persecution for a good Cause; for it is not the Man, but the Cause that makes the Martyr.

Ever since the Reformation of our Church, we have had, and have still Enemies on every side; but God be Thanked, the Blow has been Warded off, and we have been Deliver'd; and Blessed be that God, that has Deliver'd us from the Snares of the Fowler, both Popish, and Protestant; and All Praise God, that the Snare is broken.

The Busy Romanist has been always employed to work our Ruin; and the no less Busy Separatist, has been in the same Wicked design: But the bare-fac'd Papists we fear not; we are always under Arms, and are ready to receive their Attacks: But the other, that would feign pass for Protestants of the same Religion with us, but are not, is the most dangerous Adversary of the two, and like the Mole, is always at work under ground to destroy our Church, which is confessed by all the Reformed Christians in the World, to be the Pillar of the Reformation. In the Name of God, what wou'd the Separatists be at? They pretend to be mighty Protestants, and seem outwardly, wonderfully Zealous against the Papists, yet in truth and reality, they are only Tools and Instruments to the Pope of *Rome*. This is a truth as clear, as if Wrote with a Sun-Beam, and yet they will not believe

it ; it is the common Practice of the Church of *Rome*, first to divide us, and then seize on us as their Prey : *Divide & Impera*, was of Old their Maxim, and is still : Foxes and Firebrands, your Lordships know, is an Eternal Monument, that what I say is true : Popish Priests and Fryars have formerly, and do to this Day, *Proteus* like, Preach in the Conventicles of Dissenters, and yet the poor deluded Protestants, cannot be persuaded to become real Church Men. And what shall I say more, my Lords, but only put up my Prayers to the most High, that God will at last open their Eyes, and turn them from Darkness to Light, and from the Power of Satan, and the Pope, unto God.

Suffer me, my Lords, to take a View of them, from the Dawning of the Reformation, down to this very Day. In the Days of Queen *Elizabeth*, that Immortal Queen, whose Memory will be always Precious with the true Members of our Church, they begun their Work : The Separatists had their *Cartwrights*, *Travers's*, and others, to plead their Cause : In King *James's* Reign, others sprung up to support it : In King *Charles*, the Blessed Martyrs Reign, they had the *Martinmar-Prelates*, the *Prins*, the *Bastwicks*, and *Burtons*, to be their Champions. In the Peaceful Reign of good King *Charles* the Second, they had their *Baxters*, *Owens*, *Calamies*, and others innumerable, to stick to the stuff of Separation. In Queen *Anne's* Reign, (may it be Long and Prosperous, and may She see who are Her true and steddy Friends) they have their *Calamies*, *Palmers*, *Cowards*, *Asgils*, *Tutchins*, *Foe's*, and I wish I could not say, they have not some, who pretend to be Church Men, to be their Abettors : and thus stands the Case of Separation at this Day. All those that are really Protestants, and all those that call themselves so, pretend a mighty Zeal against Popery, and would to God they were all sound at Heart ; but I have reason to fear, that some, like their Fore-Fathers, the *Scribes* and *Pharisees*, though they are for Beautifying the Sepulchres, yet they are for Slaying the Prophets of the Lord. This has been their Practice ever since the Reformation ; *Whitgift*, *Bancroft*, and *Laud*, were Accused of Rank Popery ; and such Blood-suckers were they, that nothing less could satiate their immoderate Thirst after Blood, but the Head of that Great Man. But I cannot omit another Instance of their Cruelty, I mean, King *Charles* the First : They would have it, that he was a Promoter of the Popish Interest, though he laid down his Head on the Scaffold, for the Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of *England*. In King *James* the Second's Reign, *Sancroft*, that Great and Good Prelate, with the rest of the Episcopal Colledge, must be Papists in Masquerade ; and it is Notoriously known, that they Dyed stiff Assertors of the Doctrine of the Church of *England* : And it is a wonder to me, my Lords, now their hand is in, that they do not brand your Lordships whole Order, with the same Odious Character that y^e or

Predecessors had. There's something more than Ordinary in the Case, that all the Mouths of the Faction should be uttering Encomiums, to the Honour of your Lordships : If their Praises are Real and Cordial, I am sure, the present Generation of Seperatists, do vastly differ from their Forefathers ; but I have reason to think, that 'tis all Paint and Fucus, and I am sure, there is a Snake in the Grass. Can the *Ethiopian* change his Skin, and the *Leopard* his Spots ? Can the Separatist subsist without their old stock of Poyson against Prelacy ? It cannot be. The Old Game is to be play'd over again. The Cards are a shuffling, and if they can get to be Jack and the Game, they'll soon be Higheit : In the mean while, they Cajol and Flatter your Lordships with their gilded Pretences ; and the Devil sometimes will Transform himself into an Angel of Light, and yet he is a Devil still. For the Love I have to your Lordships Order, in the Name of the Orthodox Clergy, I beg of you to take care of your Selves ; they are laying Gins and Traps in your Lordships way, to cause you to stumble ; which if they could, they would make the World Ring again, with their *Jo. Peans* for your Lordships Destruction ; and this is plain from the History of the Great *Clarendon* : Arch-Bishop *Williams* was a Man of Moderation, and yet he far'd never the better for that, but he, and his Brethren, must Submit to be sent Prisoners into the Tower, to bear that High Church Prelate, Arch-Bishop *Laud*, Company. For were I convinc'd of their reality of their Love to your Lordships, methinks they should shew somewhat of Respect to the Inferior Clergy, to the Priests and Deacons of our Church. But the Hearty, True, and Real Clergy, are Hated and Hunted, Burlesqu'd and Abus'd, with a Diabolical Fury, and yet none of our Superiors will vouchsafe to take our Case into Consideration.

*Ultra Sanromitas fugere hinc libet, & glaciale
Oceanum, quoties aliquid de moribus audent
Qui Curios simulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt.*

Juv. 2...

*O'r all the Icy Ocean I will strowl ;
Nay more than that, I'll touch the Northern Pole,
Rather than be with those that look so Civil,
And yet in Spight and Malice, are the Devil.*

Last May was Twelve Months, upon the Day of the Sun's great Eclipse, your Lordships may remember, was Publish'd the first part of the Appeal of the Orthodox Clergy to your Lordship's ; and I had reason to think, that it had some Effect ; for *Tutchin* and *Foe*, the Mouths of the Faction, were struck Dumb, and had not the hardness (which was much wonder'd at) to reply one word to it ; they knew
it

it was unanswerable ; and they acted the wise part, to be silent. But upon the account of the Collection for the Poor Episcopal Clergy of Scotland, Two or Three little Whiffers of Dissention, and Smatterers of Learning, would undertake to Answer the Appeal ; and how they have done it, will be seen in the Sequel. They are at the old Sport of maiming Paragraphs, and taking here and there a word for their purpose ; and alas, for little purpose to, except it be to expose themselves, and their undefensible Cause : a Cause, that can't stand to an Argument, but is upheld by little Subterfuges, Vile, and Disingenuous Tricks, and Paltry Argumentations, that are more than enough to call in Question, the Honesty and Learning of its Advocates. But something must be said to keep up the Hearts of the Faction ; and if there be *rudis indigestaque moles Verborum*, 'tis no matter whether it has Sense, Reason, or Argument : It is called an Answer, and it must pass amongst the Vulgar, for a better they cannot give. Thus the Poor, Ignorant, Well-meaning Dissenter, is caught in the Net of the Fowler.

Cato.

Fistula dulce canit, volucrum dum decipit anceps.

He's lull'd Asleep, and Hoodwink'd, and by a sort of Implicit Protestant Faith, is made to believe, whatsoever their cunning Teachers infuse into him. What a sad Account lyes at their Door, who make a needless Separation from our Church ? With what Face can they make their Appearance at the Last Day, for renting into so many Pieces, the seamless Coat of Christ ? If the Righteous scarcely be Saved, where will the ungodly Schismatick Appear ! A sad Consideration for all Dissenting Leaders to think on ; and wou'd they think Soberly and Calmly upon it ; and God grant the time was come, that the Scales of Prejudice wou'd fall from their Eyes, that they may see, before 'tis too late, what may promote the Peace, Safety, and Security of our *Israel*. Oh pray for the Peace of it ! they shall Prosper that love it. Can they think to Flourish upon the Down-fall and Ruins of our Church ? Experience assures them otherwise ; for let them consider what has been. When our Poor Church was laid in Athes by the Presbyterians, they Mounted the Saddle, but were soon thrown out by the Independant that divided from them : Then there was Subdivisions innumerable. Thence sprung the *Quakers*, *Fifth Monarchy*, *Ranters*, *Antinomians* ; and there was a Revival of all the Ancient Heresies. At whose Door must this lye at ? And what shall we think of those Men, that are now busie again to Ruin the Christian Religion, and to pluck it up by the Roots ? Witness, the Growth of Atheism, Deism, (which is but another word for the same thing) Socinianism, Quakerism, &c.

And

And in my Opinion, (with Submission to your Lordships Judgments) there is no better way to Banish all these Monstrous Opinions, than by a Restitution of all the Priviledges which the Church ought to have ; I mean in other words, the Ancient Discipline of the Church ought to be restor'd : Informers, and other Methods of Reformation of Manners, now in request, will ne'r do the Business ; some of the Reformers ought to pass the Tryal, and be Reform'd themselves ; for as things are, some of them bring a Scandal, not a Credit upon the Christian Religion. And I am convinc'd, that if the Canons of our Church, were all and every one of them put in due Execution, we should have another Scene of Affairs, and the Glorious Effects of it would soon appear : And in one Year more Benefits and Advantages will accrue to the Souls of Men, than in a Hundred, as the present Practices of Reformation are. But my Opinion, I Submit to your Lordships Judgments.

But to go on in my intended Course, which is, my Lords, to take off those vile Aspersions that are thrown on the Clergy of our Church, by a Miscreant, a Journey-Man to the Faction. And in order to it, I cannot do better, than first to Vindicate your Lordships from his Malicious Pen. For in his very First Paper he falls foul upon some of your Lordships, in these words : *For there are a great many good, Charitable, well disposed Dissenters, and several Worthy Bishops, together with many of the Clergy and Laity of the Church of England, who won't give a Groat.* — If my Account is right, as I dare say it is, I take this to be an ungrounded Slander upon your Lordships, and others : For I was Inform'd by a Great Man, that every one of your Lordships, had largely Contributed towards their Relief. Your Lordships are Judges, to whom I Appeal, notwithstanding the Threats of this Scribler : He says, a great many Charitable and Well-disposed Dissenters, will not give a Groat ; the more hard-hearted they. But I can assure your Lordships, that Anabaptists, Quakers, Presbyterians, and Independants, have given generously ; and I am apt to think, that this is another of our Sriblers Lyes. He adds, that many of the Clergy and Laity of the Church of *England*, refused to give. This I take to be a Reflection on the Clergy, and shall still think so, except it be better proved, and come from Honester hands than it does. For the Laity, I suppose he means such Moderate Church-Men, as C—— the great *Bookseller*, who got his Estate from the Clergy ; and who, though often press'd by his Reverend Rector, refus'd it. Hard hearted Wretch as he was, to those poor Objects of Charity.

The first Person of the Orthodox Clergy, that our Murnival of Independants falls foul on, is the Honest Curate of *Aldgate*, Mr. P——t, as your Lordships may see in the next Quotation. In *Observer*, Rev. N. 5. 'Tis a long one I confess, and requires your Lordships Pardon.

Observ. Re. 1.

Dr. Scot.

Obf. Re. 5. Pardon to rehearse it. Why Master, says the Buffoon the Country Man, in the Parish without Aldgate, there was an Ancient, Honest, Worthy, Dissenting Minister to be Buried : His Friends bespoke the ground in the Church-Yard, and gave an Invitation to the Lecturer, as is usual. But there is a Gentleman whom they call an Impropiator, who, I'm told, is a Lawyer in that Parish, and has so little Business of his own, that he is forc'd for want of Employment, to meddle with that which does not belong to him. This Gentleman sends to the Lecturer, and charges him not to attend the Funeral; or be seen among such a number of Phanaticks; and the Poor Priest in Obedience to that Direction, meets the Corps in the Church-Yard, where he and the People stood some time, before he begun to Read the Service; and where, not only the Dissenters, but the Lecturer himself stood covered. The Improper Man, (I told you on but now) comes in a Haughty Insolent manner, crying out, what sort of rude People are these, that stand in the Church-Yard with their Hats on? Which indeed, had produc'd an Indecent and Unseasonable Debate, had not the Company more prudently, considering the Solemnity of the Occasion, prevented it. When the Sprig of Divinity came to do his Duty, he altered one part of the Service, and left out another. Where he should have said, the Soul of our dear Brother, he said, this Person : And the words, sure and certain Hopes of the Resurrection to Eternal Life, he left out. Whereas Master, there was, as Drinking and Swearing, a Debauch'd a Fellow in our Parish, as I believe ever lived in the World, yet our Parson said all this over him; and when we ask'd him why we did so, he told us, 'twas not enjoin'd, and he might not omit it. Well, replies squinny Nobs, (who us'd to Ape the French Man so often at Tom Cox's,) tell your Story out Roger, and we'll remark by and by. When the Gentleman (says Hob-nails) with the long Name, was afterwards desired to give a Reason for the Disturbance he made in the Church-Yard, he Answer'd, 'twas Consecrated Ground, and no Man ought to stand Covered in it. He was then ask'd, why he did not rather pull off his Shoes, since the Scripture seem'd to favour that Practice : He said, he thought it would be very Proper and Decent, and he heartily wish'd, the Church had Enjoin'd it. The Remarks of our Silkman are so very silly, that I shall not trouble your Lordships with them, but I shall make some few of my own. But one thing I must premise, that I have neither seen the Impropiator, or Curate, which Nobs falsely calls Lecturer, since this Bustle; but what I shall Remark, shall be only from the right reason of things.

First then, he says the Lecturer was invited as is usual : I dare say, that is a great Falshood; and to say usually, is a rank Lye; for I do not perceive such Civilities amongst Dissenters, for I believe, they are of the same Kidney in all places.

Secondly, Nobs says, the Impropiator, for want of Imployment, medles with that which does not belong to him. First, he has a good Estate,

Estate, and is of an Honourable Profession, and so consequently needs not Employment. Secondly, 'Tis confess'd, that he is Impropiator, and so he has a Right to chuse or refuse whom he shall think fit to be Buried in that Church Yard.

Thirdly, The next is a rank Lye, and deserves no Remark, only a Rehearsal ; which is, this Gentleman sends to the Lecturer, (Fana-
rick Lecturers runs so much in our Authors noddle, that he cannot
forbear the word) and charges him not to Attend the Funeral : And
the next, is his Cousin *Germain* ; and the Poor Priest, in Obedience
to that Direction, meets the Corps in the Church Yard. This deserves
no Answer.

Fourthly, *Nobs* says, that not only the Dissenters, but the Lecturer
himself stood covered. Stand amaz'd all People of the World. Did
Mr. P—— (Oh thou Man ! *Perfricta Frontis*) stand Uncovered whilst
the Prayers were Reading ? Look strait and speak the Truth, Oh
thou false Tongue !

4. The Impropiator call'd them rude People, to stand with their
Hats on : And what Man of Sense, Reason, or Religion, could say
otherwise.

Fifthly, When the Sprig of Divinity came to do his Duty, &c. He
altered some words, as 'tis before alleg'd : I had thought, he was on
his Duty when his Hat was on. As to his Alterations, this I say, that
neither he, nor any Clergy-man has that Power. He had much better
omitted the whole Office, and the Church wou'd have born him out
of it ; for all Dissenting Teachers are Schismatics, and all Schisma-
tics are Excommunicates ; and to all Excommunicates, that Divine
Service is forbidden.

First then, that Dissenting Ministers and all their Followers, are
Schismatics ; this is plain from our Book of Canons : *As whosoever* Can. 9.
*shall hereafter seperate themselves from the Communion of Saints, as is ap-
proved by the Apostles Rules in the Church of England, and combine them-
selves together in a New Brotherhood, accounting the Christians, who are
conformable to the Doctrine, Government, Rites, and Ceremonies of the
Church of England, to be Profane and Unmeet for them to joyn with in
Christian Profession : Let them be Excommunicated, ipso facto, and not
be restor'd, but by the Arch-Bishop, after their Repentance and Publick
Revocation of such their Wicked Errors. I don't understand my Lords,
that this Canon is superseded by the Indulgence, or act of Toleration,
as 'tis falsely called. If not, I am sure the Dissenters are Schisma-
tics, and that all Schismatics by this Canon, are Excommunicates ;
*Quod erit demonstrandum.**

Secondly, That the Divine Office for Burial, is with great reason de-
nied to such. In this Case, the Rubrick of our Church is very plain Rule for the
Burial Office,
in these words : Here is to be Noted, That the Office ensuing is not to be
used

used for any that Dye Unbaptized, or Excommunicate, or have laid Violent Hands upon themselves.

Sixthly, Then to the Story of the Debauch'd Fellow that was Buried with the whole Service : To this I reply, I believe Habitual Drunkards, were accounted Excommunicates by the Ancient Church ; such, had vast Penance Enjoyn'd, and if they Dyed before Performance and Absolution, they were denied Christian Burial : And if a strict Discipline of our Church were restor'd, (as every Year we wish) I am sure such Persons wou'd be reputed, (as I think they are) and esteemed Excommunicates : And were I to meet with such a one, who I was sure had not Repented, I would refuse the Office, though Suspension followed : I would rather submit to the Bishops Censure, than lay such a stumbling Block in my Brothers way.

Seventhly, The Impropiator said, 'twas Consecrated Ground, and who denies that, but rigid Dissenters? And no Man ought to stand Covered in it, in time of Divine Service, and that's true too : And then he was ask'd, says *Nobs*, and 'twas a foolish Question, and the Answer was so silly, as could not come from so prudent a Man as Mr. B——. The Question was, why he did not pull off his Shoes? The Answer was, he thought it would be very Proper and Decent, and he heartily wished the Church had enjoyn'd it. Now my Lords, I'll submit, if your Lordships can think that a Scholar and Church-Man would make so silly an Answer. Your Lordships know, and none better, that pulling off Shoes on Holy Ground, was an Ancient Custom, as Old as *Moses* at the Burning Bush, * and is continued to this day by Christians, Pagans, and Mahometans of *Asia* : And if our Church had enjoyn'd it, I believe Mr. B—— and all other Church-Men, would willingly have comply'd with it.

* See the
Learned Mr.
Joh. Mede's
Works. 1 Vol.
41. 2, 3, 4, 5.

I cannot part without one more Remark upon some other words in this very Observator now before me : I am very sorry, that a Man of so much Moderation, Learning, and Piety, as the Reverend Doctor of that Parish is, should be engaged with such a Lecturer, and Impropiator. When I ever shall look on the Oxford Almanack, I shall alway think of that Doctor, that Man of so much Moderation, as his 30th of January Sermon, Preach'd at that Church, testifies. And I am sure, if the Honest Impropiator had seen, or foreseen the other side of Janus, he would have proposed some other for the Curacy of Aldgate ; but B—— was trick'd. But enough my Lords of the Doctor, Impropiator, and Lecturer, as he is stil'd.

In *Observator. Rev. N. 7.* Our Authors are very angry with a certain Person, whose Name begins with a *M*——. This Person it seems, was very Zealous in Collecting for the *Scots* Clergy, and that is enough for our Beautevue, to make a noise of ; and to damp his Zeal, this Story, (and I believe 'tis a Story) is plausibly told : Some Years ago,
this

Obs. Re. 7.

this Person was one of the Ushers of the Grammar School of Edinburgh, where he had about 25 Yearly, (notwithstanding, he was known to be of the Episcopal Persuasion) and might have continued in that Employment still, had he not, for want of the Gift of Continnence, committed the filthy Fact of Fornication, for which he was obliged to satisfy the Congregation, by appearing upon the stool of Repentance, three several Lord's Days: And afterwards, the Magistrates of the City not thinking proper, that one of such Behaviour should be intrusted with the Education of Youth, they supplied his Place with a Person better qualified. Upon which he came hither, where after he had been some time, he made such Interest, as to procure a Recommendation to the Person you spoke of, under the Notion of a Scots Persecuted Episcopalian, and was so Successful, as to prevail so far upon the Charitable Disposition of his Lordship, that he received Ordination from him.— This Story, as 'tis told, I can by no means believe, and one of your Lordships is best Judge, why he was Ordain'd: It has some Marks and Signs of Falseness; as first, who can believe that the rigid Presbyterians of Scotland, wou'd employ one of Episcopal Persuasion, with the Education of Youth. Secondly, the Person whom I know, and of whom I never heard any thing that touch'd his Education, was Ordain'd with a design to go to the Plantations, but it was ordered otherwise; and I dare say, the Notion of Persecution was not the Motive of his Lordships Ordaining him. Thirdly, he is accused of Incontinency, of which I must have better Proofs, than the words of a Broken Silkman, whom his Creditors will not believe, before I can credit this Relation. Fourthly, provided it was Fact, he did Penance for it, and so ought to have been absolv'd and continued. Fifthly, If it was true, he then was one of them, (as *Foe* says of Infamous *Ab. Gill*; when he was bad, he was an Episcopalian, but when a Presbyterian, a good Convert,) but since his Repentance, he is one of us. Fifthly, It is somewhat strange, that the Presbyterians should make such a splutter with one instance of simple Fornication in an Episcopalian, when so many Instances of that Sin, are found among the Presbyterians: And 'tis the Observation of a Great Man, that where Presbytery Rules, Fornication, &c. Flourish. I could tell our Authors of worse Instances of Debauchery in that Country; as Major *Weir*, *cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est*. I could tell him a Story of a double M—, but shall remit him to K's Coll. in *Cant.* to search the Registers. It is easie my Lords, to recriminate, but I shall forbear; for I think it is more Christian to Cover, than to Publish the Infirmities of our Brethren: The Clergy-Man aforesaid, I am told, leads a very regular Life, and if he was guilty of that Slip, he has made amends by a Solid and Serious Repentance. But one Remark more I shall make, therefore this Story wou'd have never been brought upon the Stage, had he not shewn some Zeal for the Collection of the poor Episcopal

D 2

Clergy

Clergy of ~~Scotland~~. Here in this Instance, your Lordships may see the Spleen, Malice, and Uncharitableness of our *English* Dissenters: A Man's Life must be examined to do him a Mischief, if he has an Inclination to do good: From such Mens Religion, Good Lord deliver me. It ought to be Remark'd, that 'tis Reader at every turn in this Story; whereas in that of *Aldgate*, it was Lecturer, though both in the same Office. The Authors are desired to account for this Difference.

Obs. Rev. 8. In *Observer. Re. N. 8*, Mr. Plenipotentiary falls foul upon my Friend and self. And I do not doubt, but to give your Lordship a very good account of us both. We are both in for Cakes and Ale, and our great Crime, not to be pardoned by the Religious Presbyterians, is our Zeal for the Collection; but he begins with my Brother, and dull Poetry upon me concludes the Paper. As to the first, *There's a Minister within an Hours Riding of Stepney, that has been lately very Industrious upon that Head.*—His Name begins with a C, and ends with an N.—I wonder such Sparks should be pick'd up to manage an Affair of that Nature, who can add no Reputation to it. This Reverend Divine, (not long ago) was later in the Tavern than Sober Men of his Character care to stay, where he took a larger Dose of the Creature, than he could well carry: And when he was ask'd by one of the Company, how he design'd to get Home? And what a sort of Figure a Black Gown would make in a Watch-House? The Divine replied, he carried about in his Pocket, a sufficient Charm against all Mid-Night Officers in London, viz. a Sprig of Rosemary, a plain token, quoth he, that I have been at a Funeral: And it being my Office to comfort the Disconsolate, I can pass the Watch all Hours of the Night, with this in my hand, as well as a Surgeon with a Case of Instruments, a Midwife with a Candle and Lanthorn, or an Apothecary with a Bolus and Draught. This my Lords, is Detraction in the very Abstract, and pure Fanatick Spleen, to injure the Reputation of that considerable Clergy Man: The whole, and every part of the Story, he absolutely denys, and I see no reason, why his word should not go as far as that of a Broken Silkman; I challenge him to name Time, Place, and Company, and I have Authority so to do: It is a made thing, and has not the looks of a Table talk; it seems to be as Old, as those Magazines of Slander, the *Cobler of Gloucester*, or *White's Centuries*. Our doughty Author, and others of the same Leaven, have gotten a way of Collecting and Composing vile Characters, and set them on whom they please. *Fortiter calumniari, & aliquid adharebit*; is the Motto of a Whig, as well as of a Jesuit. I wou'd advise our Author, either to recant that Odious Story, or to bring better proofs of it; or else he may be Tutchiniz'd. 'Tis needless to insist longer upon such a groundless Slander, and so I shall dismiss it.

The

The next is a Copy of Bombast Verses made on my self: *I have brought you home a Copy of Verses, made by an honest Gentleman of London, which contains a Dialogue between him and the Parson that came to ask his Charity to the Gentlemen we were now talking about.* In this short Paragraph, is contained Falshood, Nonsense, and false Grammar: For First, the Gentleman Poet does not Live in London, but on *Mile-End-Green*. Secondly, I never ask'd him for Charity, but a Virtuous Lady that lives in that House. Then Thirdly, to ask Charity to the Gentlemen, is false Grammar and Nonsense. Now follows the high-kick of Poetry.

*Last Week I had a sharp Encounter
 On Saturday, with Dr. Blunt, Sir.
 The Day before Sir, he had sent in
 To us a Paper, representing
 The Grievances, (to make but short on't)
 Of the Nonjuring Priests in Scotland;
 Strong Sense, and Masterly Expression,
 With many a Tragick Exclamation,
 The Parson us'd, to move compassion.
 Quoth he, these Clergy's Mournful Case,
 Demands immediate Redress.
 These are true Churchmen, Martyrs Godlike,
 For Ceremonies Apostolick;
 True to their Principles they stand,
 The Cruel Persecutors Hand.
 Mob'd by the Rabble from their Living,
 And their Spirit'al ways of thriving;
 They are reduc'd to this, (in Brief)
 To ask good Christians for Relief.
 Here I began to smile and then,
 The frowning Priest went on again.
 They, who can laugh at such a matter,
 Have neither Sense, nor Human Nature.
 Quoth I, your Story, (with Submission)
 Is guilty of a great Omission.
 You tell us not what Persecution:
 What Penal Laws in Execution:
 Martyr's, yow Paper them recites
 For Church, and Apostolick Rites.
 'T had better said, (and this I'm sure, in)
 For Apostolical Non-juring.
 They are a Jacobitish Crew,
 Endeavouring always something New.*

* 41 for that.

† Persecution
confess'd.

|| Presbyteri-
ans.
* Scholar
like.

† Amos's Faith
is without
Articles, for
he deny'd the
Apostles
Creed.

|| All Fucus
and Lyes.
See the Pre-
face.

* Amos's re-
spect to the
Clergy of
the Church
of England,
whom he
sometimes
hears.
See the Pre-
face.

Ne'r pleas'd, till they can (worse than Heathen,
* Or Devils) Persecute their Brethren.
Such were depriv'd with good intent
Of Safety, to the Government.
Of other Mischiefs, th' Imputation
Falls on the † Mobb, not on the Nation.
To this the Priest, had nought to utter,
But gan to frown again, and mutter.
Then I went on. 'Tis true, I grant
Charity's due to all in want.
But first, to th' || Honest sort and Poorer,
Than * Papish-Jacobite-Non-juror.
But neither do I think, that these
Are brought to such Extremities.
There's nothing here, my † Faith engages;
Your Paper has more Lyes, than Pages.
Then Reverend Sir, some Confirmation,
Besides, this false High Church Narration.
He cry'd, if you will not believe me,
I have no other Proof to give ye,
But my bare word; most hard their Lot is;
I affirm it, || Verbo Sacerdotis.
The Priest, while angry Mood he stood in,
Talk'd much, but nothing of the Pudding.
Quoth I, in confidence you surpass,
And talk as little to the purpose,
As he, who pleading at the Bar,
Sung of the Mithridatick War.
For now a-days, who such a Set * is,
To value Verbum Sacerdotis.
And how can I have firm persuasion
Of what you say, without a Reason?
All Questions did but more provoke
The Priest, who (the Dispute being broke)
Straight disappear'd, in Fire and Smoke. }

I was told my Lords, by a Virtuous Lady that Sojourns at the
very next door to my Friend Amos, that some Body had sent a Copy
of Verses to him, which I have reason to think, was the Occasion of
that Heat and Virulency against me since: I may justly call it Slander,
Detraction, nay Persecution, and what not. I declare before God,
Angels, and Men, that I never sent any to him: I must not say *Verbo*
Sacerdotis, for that is of no Value with our Author. I did not intend
to publish any thing in Verse, but to clear my Reputation of Uncha-
ritable-

ritableness, (for that I abhor) I am now forc'd to let it see the Light ;
 it was a sudden thought, and so it shall go without any amendments :
 The Person that sent it, did act very indiscreetly, (to say no worse)
 in the altering the sense, and did I know him, he should roundly hear
 of it.

An Answer to the Author of a Copy of Verses in Obl. Revived. No. 8.

S. I. R.,

Your Scoundrel Rhimes (with much ado
 And great Fatigue) I did go through.
 So dull they were, that C——y
 In Prose, can't reach your Poetry.
 Such fulsome Lyes, such dogrell Verse,
 Will make one Vomit to Rehearse ;
 At Calumny you are so hearty,
 You speak the Sense of all the Party.
 Such filthy Methods you do use,
 To uphold a tottering, senseless Cause.
 So nat'ral 'tis for Whiggish Crew
 To shun the Light, and ne'r speak true.
 You are a Man (whose Forehead's Brass)
 But for a Poet, ne'r shall pass
 With me, who thinks you but an Ass. }
 Amos a Shepherd, or a Shepherds Son ;
 The Thought inspir'd the Youth, and set him on.
 Go on with your Prolifick strains, }
 I ne'r shall envy your great pains,
 Your mighty Rhimes, shew want of Brains. }
 For who can think that Dr. Blunt, Sir,
 Chimes in with last Week sharp Encounter.
 Such Jingling Cant, so full of Cheat,
 I cannot for my Heart repeat.
 For some to make a large Collection,
 For the Poor Scots, is your Distraction.
 And Lucifer, that God of Hell,
 In Charity, does you excel.
 He, in perverting, has a way,
 To Gain New Converts ev'ry Day.
 If Railing, Lying, Perjury,
 Malice, and Rank Hypocrisy,
 Be the true Path, to lead one right,
 Than I'm for you, and so good Night.

Obs. Re. 9.

Our Authors delight is in Scandal: And in the next *Obser.* he has rak'd up a vile one, in these words. *There's a Famous Clergy Man that pretends to Cure the King's Evil, was taken with a Whore in her Chamber, a little while ago, and neither he or she had quite time enough to get their Cloaths on.*— However, I wish that Gentleman, who has found out so many Cures for the King's Evil, wou'd study how to Cure himself of the Itch; this is a Blind Story, and I know not how to fix it. Our Authors, like *Hall* the House-Breaker, love deeds of Darkness; and in common Sewers of Filth and Nastiness, their greatest delight is. There are Two Clergy Men that say, they can Cure that Disease; one is in *London*, the other in *Southwark*: I therefore beseech you *John*, to point out the Person, and then you shall hear further from me; and I would to God, they could Cure you and your Associates, of that Itch of Lying and Slandering, and the World wou'd be indebted to them for that signal Service.

Obs. Re. 11.

Obser. Re. No. 11. is wholly spent on the Rev. Mr. W———er of *Exeter*, who is upon answering *Calamities* Ninth Chapter. Your Lordship's know his Design, and to the utmost of your Power have assisted him: In a little time, the Book will speak for its self, and will need no Advocate to plead for it, or indefatigable Author. In this vile Paper, our Scriblers joyn the Appealer to him: I am mightily obliged to them, and con them Thanks for providing always so good Company for me: Sometime I am an *Hero*, sometimes Mr. *Rehearsal* second, &c. But I shall not (since they do not) insist any longer on it.

:Obser. Re. 12.

In the very next Paper, he shews no Mercy to the Author of the Appealer, whose Book was Dedicated to your Lordships; and he does not doubt, but that he is safe under your Lordships Protection, notwithstanding, the Fire of Hell is broke loose, and insults it. And now I shall presume to lay before your Lordships, pure Fanatic Strains, and Presbyterian and Independant Eloquence. A certain Author, who was got into the squalling Humour, Wrote that Appeal to the Right Reverend the Lords Bishops, beseeching them to Address Her Majesty for some Acts of Royal Care to the Church.—— Then speaking of the Rehearsal, he has these words: If he, the Appealer, knows any thing, he, the Rehearsal, has more Learning than all the Dissenters put together.—— In the mean while, let the Officious Curate harangue upon the Papers in a Coffee-House, and give his glittering sense of them.—— This Appeal thou hast given me, is truly a Hurley-burley of Impertinence and Ill Nature. One wou'd think the Author's head were a little Bedlam, and that all the Mad Thoughts had broke loose at once.—— 'Tis the Man's own Picture; a Mass of strowling Dulness and Passion.—— I by October, will kick the Jack Pudding. This Society for Reformation of Manners, this Scandalous Club cannot for their Blood, leave off their Wicked and Abominable Practice of Lying and Misrepresenting: *John* and his Crew says, it was

was wrote for some acts of Royal Care to the Church ; whereas, 'tis to move Her most Sacred Majesty to Redress their Grievances : Why *John*, is Sacred, Omitted ? I suppose you and yours, will not allow that Title to the Queen ; * and why acts of Royal Care to the Clergy, * *K. and Q. makers think as well of themselves, as they do of the Person in the Throne.* instead of Redressing their Grievances ? Then he puts in those words, though he was afraid to quote the Page (which was the 25th) though mangled ; for the words are these : If I know any thing my Lords, that Author has more Learning at Command, than the whole Body of Dissenters ; and throw in their Orator *Tutchin* into the Heap : I am still my Lords of the same Opinion ; and if these Advocates of that Party be their Chief Leaders, I am sure I am in the right. I find, I have angered some of them, because I have told them the Truth ; but let them go on, and so will I. The Officious Curate sticks in our Authors stomach, and I glory in that Character : Our Blessed Lord's Character was, that he went about doing Good ; and why should not I, that am one of the meanest of his Disciples, imitate him so far, as to Collect for his Poor Distressed Members, the Episcopal Clergy of Scotland. All the rest is pure Raillery, and Jargon, and I'll pass it by ; and let him take care, that the Jack-pudding does not come to his share at the long Run. In the very next Paper they are at me again ; but I shall shew your Lordships such a Piece of Knavery, that all Men that has not lost Shame and common Honesty, will see it at first Blush. *I had laid up (says the Country Man) some matter of Argument, against a huge Lye the Appealer has in the first Page of his Preface, and there needs no more to answer it, than Day-light and common Truth : I must reserve that great Thump, I had design'd him. Then he calls the Appealer a Lunatick Author.—Then he says, he'll Appeal again.—Afterwards, he calls him Fool—If you do that, you may bring in his Appeal to prove what you say, and I am of Opinion, that no Jury (that can be brought together, now the Packing Juries are at an end) will bring you in guilty of a Misdemeanour. In his first Page of his Preface he tells us, that the Orthodox Clergy, (a Term he uses almost every other line) are abused by the Review and Observer ; and says he, if any Man should treat the Church thus in France, he would be sent to the Gallies in Italy and Spain, to the Inquisition in Holland : he would be sent away with a Staff and pair of Shoes ; and in Scotland, would have the Horn and the Boot. I fancy Mr. Rehearial and he, would like the Gallies and Inquisition well enough for the Dissenters in England, though they do not like the Horn and the Boot for their Brethren in Scotland. But besides Master, you have told me, that there was use made of Horns, Boots, and Thumakins, &c in times of Episcopacy, but all these Cruelties Dyed with Prelacy and Arbitrary Power in that Kingdom : So that the bringing this Instance, is as severe a Reflection upon the Orthodox Episcopal Clergy, as any is made by the Two Authors he speaks of.*

Obser. R. 13.

Preface to the
Appeal.

This is a long Quotation, and I must beg your Lordships Patience for a little while. Our Authors Eloquence I pass by, as natural to that Party. But where is the huge Lye? *Qui alterum accusat probri, ipsum se intueri Oportet*: And another Author has a Sentence that's put to the point in hand: *Clodius accusat Machos, Catalina Cethegum*. I desire your Lordships to mind the points of this last Paragraph; for whoever heard of an Inquisition in *Holland*, as our Authors relate? 'tis mere Nonsense: I shall only give the whole Paragraph as 'tis in the Appeal, and I shall leave it to your Lordships, nay, to the whole World, to pass what Judgment they please on't. 'Tis thus; *There is something very peculiar in this Nation, and I desire any Person to find the like in any Kingdom in Europe, nay, in the whole World; and that is, that any Person should have the face to reflect on the Establish'd Church, and its Orthodox Members (of which Church, God be thanked) the Supreme Governour, our most Excellent Queen, is a constant Communicant, and go unmolested and Scot-free.* All this my Lords, was too hot for our Authors Fingers; they dare not touch it, they are mightily offended at the word Orthodox, and say 'tis used almost every other Line, whereas, 'tis but used six or seven times; so natural 'tis for that Party to be guilty of Lying; their Cause requires it, and cannot stand without that Hellish Faculty. But to go on: *Such a Person in France, must undoubtedly expect the Galley Service; in Holland, a pair of Shoes and Staff; in Spain and Italy, the Punishment of the Inquisition, (which is a Hell upon Earth) in Scotland, the Horn and Boot.* All the Answer to this is, the Horn, and Boot, and Thumakins, were Episcopal Punishments; and the bringing this Instance, is as severe a Reflection upon the Orthodox Episcopal Clergy, as any is made by the Two Authors he speaks of. Now I'll submit to your Lordships Judgment, whether this will pass for an Answer. As in *Spain*, the Inquisition, so in *Scotland*, the Horn and Boot, is the Punishment for Offenders, and has been, and is to this Day; for not only when Episcopacy, but also when Presbytery prevail'd in that Kingdom. And once more I Appeal to all the Presbyterians in that Kingdom, whether I do not speak true or no? And let it be observ'd, that this *Observ.* was Publish'd Nov. 8. and yet the Appeal stands unshaken: It sticks in their Stomach, and like the silly Snake at the File, it will break their Teeth before they can hurt it. And now my Lords, where's the huge Lye that I was accused of? I believe it will be found on the Dissenters side; and where's the great Thump I was threatned with? God be thank'd, that Appeller is on this side the Grave yet; and our Proverb says, that Threatned People Live long. But I must draw towards a Conclusion, and shall be very short in the remaining Reflections, having had occasion to Answer several Scandals in the Preface, to which I refer your Lordships. Opprobrious Names I shall pass over, considering from whence they come.

In *Observer*, No. 18. Our Authors are at it again, and their Beloved See the Pre-
Billinggate is plentifully bestow'd on the Author, as Hot-Pot *Blunt*, face.
 &c. But I shall not trouble your Lordships with Odious and Unchri-
 stian Names, when Arguments fail. He falls Foul upon some of my
 Tracts, and compares them to the Author of *Tom Thumb*; Men of
 more Sense and Brains, than our little Scriblers think otherwise of
 them: but to let that pass. But if our Author wants Performances
 just of the same Weight and Argument with *Tom Thumb*, I shall direct
 him to *Duck-Lane*, where he may find all the Learned Works of Young
Calanies Worthies, mentioned in his Ninth Chapter of *Baxter's* Life.

In *Observer* Rev. No. 20. are these words. *I expect* (says our Com-
 missioner) every time you come home, to hear that Doctor Hot-pot has
Appeal'd against you for *Abusing the Orthodox Clergy*, of which he and
Lesley are the most Famous Champions. It is a sad thing to cross ones
 Expectation; and in consideration of that, I have once more Appeal'd
 to your Lordships, though the Buffoon believes that I won't meddle
 with him; not because I love him, but because I fear him. Then he
 has these words: Of all the silly Fellows that ever I heard speak, he
 has the least to say for himself on his Cause; both which I leave to
 better Judges, than such Paltry Pettifogging Scriblers, as the Authors
 of *Obser.* are. Gentlemen, once more I thank you for doing me the
 Honour of joyning me with the great Man, the Reverend Mr. *Lesley*;
 and calling us the Champions of the Orthodox Clergy. But you can-
 not leave your old way of Lying, in saying, that we Two are the
 only Champions of our Cause: God be thanked, we have Thousands
 of Learned Persons, that are able and willing to batter your Old rot-
 ten Cause of Dissention. Take away your beloved Faculty of Calum-
 niating, Slandering, and down-right Lying, and your Cause falls to
 the ground for want of Argument. But enough of this.

And my Lords, I am come to the end of my intended Appeal: I
 have duly considered, and justly weighed every thing that deserved a
 Reflection: I have omitted to say any thing to his *Billinggate* Way,
 and Method. I was loath to offend your Lordships Ears with such
 Silly, Unchristian Stuff, and Idle Impertinence: I had not presum'd
 to trouble your Lordships once more, had not the necessity of Vindi-
 cating my own and Brethrens Reputation, requir'd it; for our Ad-
 versaries are a cruel Generation of Vipers; they think, they do God
 Service, when they kill the Prophets of the Lord: They are the Suc-
 cessors of the Old Pharisees; they'll Murder the Innocent, and then
 rejoyce at the Works of their own hands. They cry out Persecution;
 but *Dioclesian* and *Decius*, are Novices to them, when the Power is
 in their own Hands. They glory in their Villany, as it appears in a
 Modern Instance of the Poor Episcopal Clergy of *Scotland*: They are
 for starving their Bodies, and one would think by their Cruelty, they

had Designs upon their Souls too : God in Infinite Mercy open the Eyes of all our Adversaries, for they know not what they do ; they never consider whose Journey Men they are, and that they themselves may Smart for it one Day.

But it is time my Lords to withdraw, and in order to it, I shall only beg leave to close up all with my hearty Prayers to Almighty God for your Lordships, that you may be Burning and Shining Lights ; that God would Inspire your Lordships with Courage and Fortitude, to stem that Tide of Profaneness, Irreligion, Atheism, Deism, Socinianism, and all manner of Fanaticism that is flowing in upon the Church and Nation : All Ancient Heresies are Reviv'd ; and one would think, that Hell had opened the Mouth of her Abyss upon us. We Pray that you may be true *Phineas's*, to stand in the Gap to stop God's Wrath hanging over our Heads ; *that you may be clothed with the whole Armour of God, so that you may be able to withstand against the wiles of the Devil ; for you wrestle not against Flesh and Blood, but against Principalities and Powers, against the Rulers of the Darkeness of this World, against spiritual Wickedness in high Places : wherefore take unto you (as the Apostle says) the whole Armour of God, that you may be able to withstand in the Evil Day of Persecution, that your Loyns may be girt about with Truth, and have on the Breast-plate of Righteousness ; and that your feet may be shod with the Preparation of the Gospel of Peace ; that you may take the shield of Faith, (that Ancient Apostolical Faith of your Mother, the Church of England,) wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery Darts of the Wicked ; and that you may take the Helmet of Salvation, which is the Word of God. God Inspire your Lordships with a true Christian Zeal for that Faith which was delivered to the Saints ; and for that Church, for which some of your Lordships Fathers suffered so much in that Cruel Persecution of 41. That God would enable your Lordships to beat down the strong holds of Sin and Satan : Atheism, Deism, Socinianism, and Fanaticism, daily get ground amongst us. St. Paul had a Rod as well as a Pen, to defend the Church ; and the same Power by Succession, is in your Lordships Hands : And may your Lordships use that Power effectually for the Defence of our Church against all its Adversaries, which will add much to your Lordships Honour in this World, and will assure unto your Lordships that Immarcessible weight of Glory in the other : And in order to that, Strengthen you, O Lord, I beseech thee, with the Holy Ghost the Comforter, and daily increase in you thy manifold gifts of Grace, the Spirit of Wisdom and Understanding ; the Spirit of Council and Ghostly Strength ; the Spirit of Knowledge and true Godliness ; and fill you, O Lord, with the Spirit of thy Holy Fear, now, and for ever, Amen. O Lord, Bless and Keep you ; O Lord, make thy Face to Shine upon you : O Lord, lift up the light of thy Countenance upon you, and give you Peace, now, and for evermore, Amen.*

And

And let me not depart without a Blessing, but Bless me, even me, the most unworthy of all Your Servants; for I am,

Stepney, Dec. 15.
1707.

Your most Dutiful and Obedient Son,
J. Sharpe.

POSTSCRIPT.

WHereas it is suggested by some Malevolent and Ill designing Men, (whose Names I shall at present Conceal) that Mr. Sharpe, Curate of Stepney, did Collect for himself, and not for the Episcopal Clergy of Scotland: This is so vile a Slander, that the Devil himself must be the Author of it. And to clear the said Mr. Sharpe, from having a hand in so Base a Design, and so Hellish a Practice, it is desired, that any one will be pleased to repair to Mr. George Scrahams, Bookseller, at the Golden-Ball over against the Royal-Exchange, and he may receive sufficient Satisfaction. Or else, any Person has free Liberty to come to the aforesaid Mr. Sharpe's House, near Stepney Church, and all the Receipts concerning his Collection for the Episcopal Clergy of Scotland, shall be fairly laid before them.

The Character of the Authors of the *Observator*. Revived, drawn by the Pen of a Whig. Country-Man. Just so they served my last Master, which brought most of his Troubles upon him; and notwithstanding, the Service he did the Publick, his pretended Friends let him Dye a Prisoner, for an Inconsiderable Debt, after he had received those Murdering Blows by Assassins, which brought his Life to a Period. And instead of giving Relief to his Widow and Fatherless Children, some of those, who would take it very Ill not to be accounted Whigs, set up, and promoted another *Observator*, which was as much as in them lay, to deprive the Poor Gentlewoman and Children of the Allowance they have from the Profits of this Paper: But their Design has prov'd Abortive, as it was just it should; and I leave the World to Judge Master, whether they that Murder'd the Husband and Father, and those that would starve the Widow and Children, be not equally Criminal? *Obser.* Enough of that Roger; we leave the Promoters of that *Observator*, to read their Punishment in their Loss and Disappointment; towards which, they cannot charge us with having any wise Contributed, though they gave us Provocations enough,

enough, by Publishing a Lye to the World in their first Paper. That this was a Counterfeit, and spreading it every where, that the Widow's Name was only made use of as a Sham, and that we have allowed her nothing. *Count.* May all such unjust Practices have the like Fate.

Obser. Vol. 6: No. 85. Dec. 24. 1707.

F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT S.

A Nimadversions on *Calamities* Abridgment, on *Baxter's* Life. Two Parts.

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